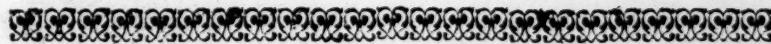


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T H E

R A K E Reform'd:

A

P O E M.





MAY 1954

P

THE
Rake Reform'd:
A
POEM.
IN A
LETTER
TO THE
RAKES of the TOWN.

*Tum denique, homines, nostra intelligimus bona,
Quum que in potestate nostra habuimus, ea amisimus.*

Plaut.

By *A. G. Gent.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for *A. Dodd* at the *Peacock* without
Temple-Bar, 1718. (Price Six-pence.)

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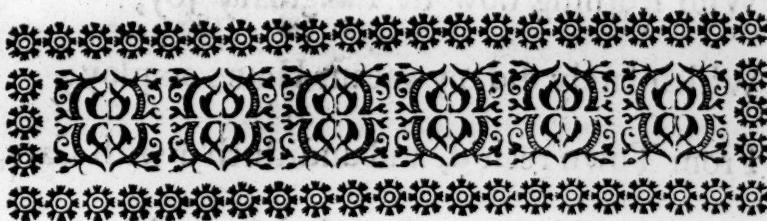
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T H E
R A K E Reform'd.

R O M verdant Meads, where *I*sis
 (gentle waves

F The flow'ry Banks in soft *M*eander's
 (laves;

And spreading Willows make a cool Retreat
 To shade the Rustick from the Summers Heat,
 To You, *Companions* of my mispent Days ;
 To you the *Rakes*, and Part'ners in my Ways :
 This I present, instructed by a-Heart
 Void of Disguise, and ignorant of Art ;

Who

6 *The R A K E Reform'd.*

Who scorning now th' imaginary Joy,
Which lately did my vacant Hours employ ;
From Town retir'd, and undisturb'd with Care,
Enjoy the Blessings of a wholesome Air ;
With Pleasure view the Toils, the rural Pains,
And honest Labours of th' industrious Swains ;
Men unacquainted with, or Fraud, or Fear,
Whose Words are artless, and whose Souls sincere.

Thus trembling Sailors when the Winds arise,
And fork'y Lightning thro' the Welkin flies,
Perceive their Vessels by the Tempest driv'n,
And bandy'd by th' Artillery of Heav'n :
In vain does Art its utmost Efforts boast,
Whilst in Amazement and Confusion lost,
They cannot see the Rock on which they're tost : }
But when the warring Elements again }
Withdraw their Fury, and their Force restrain, }
And peaceful Waves flow curling on the Main ; With }



The RAKE Reform'd.

7

With Pleasure and Surprize at once they view
Those Dangers which before they never knew.

Then tho' my Inclinations should incite,
Or more prevailing Company invite.
Think not my Mind will e'er so traiterous prove,
As what with Scorn she views again to love;
For sooner shall the Mimick Glowworm vie
With well-fix'd Stars, and glisten in the Sky ;
Sooner *Paeſtolus*, rich with Golden Oar,
Leave distant Strands to visit *Britans* Shore,
Than e'er embrace the curs'd Infestation more.
Long had the Town with her deluding Charms,
Lock'd up my Senses in her circling Arms ;
And, Virtue banish'd, Vice without controul,
Reign'd Empress of my captivated Soul ;
Not Friend's advice, nor ev'n a Parent's Tear
Could change my Course, or slacken my Career;

In

In vain did Reason try her utmost Skill
To curb the Sallies of my Headstrong Will;
Conscience in vain her Counsel did afford,
Whilst Luxury reign'd arbitrary Lord;
Whilst I the Baits of Pleasure did pursue,
Prais'd Debauchees, and scorn'd the thinking few;
Harden'd in Vice, to greater Vice did run,
And still embrac'd the Snake by which I was
 (undone.)

When wak'd at Noon, I stag'ring sought to
 (rise,
Aërial Phantoms danc'd before my Eyes:
My aching Head, and bloated Face reproach,
My conscious Soul of Yesternight's Debauch;
My Tongue dry'd up, and Throat a-Dust within,
Jointly upbraided of repeated Sin;
Whilst shaking Hands, and trembling Knees did
 (show
What dire Effects from such Excesses flow.

Prayers

The RAKE Reform'd.

9

Pray'rs were found useles, and Reproofs were
(vain

Scorning the Cordial, I embrac'd the Bane,

And still pursu'd spite of concurring Pain.

When dress'd, this Inconvenience to avoid,

I drank again, tho' sure to be destroy'd :

To the frequented Tavern did repair,

With the same Dog to kill the follow'd Hare,

And drown at once my Senses and my Care.

Coffee's salubrious Streams I did despise,

Coffee which makes the Politician wise,

And left to *Belles* and self-admiring *Beaux*.

The Nectar which from Tea exhausted flows ;

O'er which each Morn immortal Scandals fly,

And thousand wounded Reputations dye.

Let Faction flourish, or let Priests debate,

Let Cits at home be cobling of the State,

B

Let

10 *The RAKE Reform'd.*

Let diff'rent Parties diff'rent Ends pursue,
Their private, more than publick Good in view ;
Let Tories plot, let Whigs those plots disclose,
And Foreign Princes join with inbred Foes ;
The World's Transactions unobserv'd did pass,
Whilst all my Cares were center'd in the Glass.

To satisfy my Natare overspent,
With what my changing Fancy could invent,
I often try'd, but try'd as oft in vain,
My squeamish Stomach did my Aid disdain,
And nought but Wine on Wine would entertain
Not *Brawne* nor *Locket*, whose distinguish'd
(Names,
Fame, for Luxurious Niceties, proclaims,
Could by their Care, or most consummate Skill,
Pleasure my Taste, or gratify my Will.

To

To * Bradbury's at five I did repair,
Whose chief Frequenters Cheats and Bubbles are;
Where butter'd 'Squires, mercenary grown,
Too late repent the luckless Mains they've
(thrown;
Where scatter'd Dice, and broken Boxes show,
The losing Chance, and my unsuccessful Throw
And we by new-coin'd Oaths the Bankrupt
(Gamester know.)
If there Success did on my Wishes wait,
And well-thrown Casts declar'd my prosp'rous
(Fate;
With Transport to th' half-acted Play I run,
And there by changing Boxes sav'd my Crown:
Inflam'd with Lust, and burning with Desire,
I sought a Punk to cool my amorous Fire,

12 *The R A K E Reform'd.*

With eager Eyes the crowded Pit survey'd,
Where Masks, and Velvet-Scarves the Jilts be-
tray'd,
And to the singled She, my well-known Marks
convey'd.

Not far from thence appears a pendant Sign,
Whose Bush declares the Product of the Vine,
Where to the Travellers Sight the full blown
Rose

Its dazzling Beauties doth in Gold disclose,
And painted Faces flock in Tally'd Cloaths:
Thither conducted I embraced the Whore,
And when enjoy'd I kick'd her out of Door;
Madam discharg'd, I still renew'd the Bowl,
To chear my Senses and obscure my Soul,
Whilst to my Brains Vapours confus'd did rise,
And double Tapors sparkled in my Eyes;
Fancy in airy Dreams aloft was tost,
And vanquish'd Reason in the Height was lost:

In

In vain I strove to use my faultring Tongue,
Imperfect Accents on the Palate hung ;
The swelling Bumpers did my Senses charin',
And Draughts repeated did my Soul disarm ;
Glasses diffus'd in broken Fragments lay,
And Cloaths distain'd with Wine did my Excess
(betray.

At dead of Night when the unequal Moon,
By silent Steps was mounted to her Noon,
And vocal Watchmen took their solemn Rounds,
Whilst *Twelve a Clock* echo'd in distant Sounds,
With giddy Brains and more uncertain Feet,
I left the *Rose* and sally'd in the Street ;
O'er charg'd with Bumpers, and discharg'd of
(Sense,
I shatter'd Windows with my scatter'd Pence ;

Th' adja-

14 *The RAKE Reform'd.*

Th' adjacent Signs from of their Hinges tore,
Th' acquired Spoils in fancy'd Triumph bore,
Whilst Tradesmen in the Morn their painted
(Loss deplore.)

As well-taught Hounds with Joy maintain the
(Chace,
And feed their Nostrils with the scented Grass ;
Thro' various Tracks, and o'er the Hills they
(bound,
What distant Vallies echoe back the Sound,
The fearful Hare skim's o'er the dusty Plain,
And at a distance hears the following Train ;
In vain she flyes whilst op'ning they pursue,
And guide their Footsteps by the tainted Dew ;
In vain she to the neighb'ring Covert flies,
And on her Form, more than her Speed relies,
Her fancy'd shelter scented Feet betray,
And with redoubled Cryes they bear upon their
(Prey.
Thus

Thus the inferior Princes of the Night,
By help of Lanthorn to direct their Sight,
Alarm'd, pursu'd me in my doubling Flight.
Thro' various Streets I took my changing Course,
(Fear adds to flying, as Despair to Force,)
Thro' various Streets they ran with eager haste,
And still my unsuccessful Windings trac'd.
Relying on the Darkness of the Night,
And weary with the still-continued Flight,
For Shelter to a silent Court I fled,
Where Darkness had her gloomy Mantle spread,
Where no expiring Candle cast a Ray,
Nor glimm'ring Lamp could my Reſefs betray:
But see what diff'rent Passions fill our Breast,
Too soon exalted, and too soon depreſſ'd;
Resiſtless Pleasures through my Vains did roul,
And spite of Fear flow'd in upon my Soul.
Whilſt

16 *The RAKE Reform'd.*

Whilst in the Height of my mistaken Joy,
Revolving Fortune did my Hopes destroy,
The mid night Guard my Covert did survey,
Espy'd their Game, and seiz'd upon their Prey ;
In vain I did superior Strength oppose,
And strove in vain against an Host of Foes,
In vain th' unequal Combat did maintain,
And Poles succeeding Poles resist in vain,
Debarr'd of Fight their Captive I was made,
My luckless Fate I curs'd, and fractur'd Blade,
Full in our Sight near *Drury's* confines stands,
A *Palace which the Neighbourhood commands,
No lofty Gates on creaking Hinges born,
Nor breathing Statues Pedestals adorn,
No Turkey Carpetts in the Rooms appear,
No guilded Sconces shine, nor Velvet Chair,
But artless is it built, and all the Walls are bare.
Within

Within this Court a midnight Monarch rules,
The Jest of Wisemen, and the Scorn of Fools;
In solemn Pomp he gives his Senate Law,
And mercenary Princes keeps in awe:
Th' insulting Victors of their Conquest vain,
Part for the sake of Justice, more of Gain;
Their Captive Foe before their Sovereign
(brought,
Declare his Crime, and aggravate his Fault;
Of broken Heads, and bruised Bones complain,
For Blows unfehl their Pris'ner they arraign,
And challenge Satisfaction for their Pain.
In vain I strove in my Defence to plead,
My Arguments were lost, and useless what I said.

But Money's unresisted Power behold,
What Reason fail'd in was obtain'd by Gold;

Gold, which will make the Ignorant polite,
Make Cowards valiant, and Injustice right;
Make Priests their worship'd Deities disown,
Andtumbleinjur'd Monarchs from their Throne;
Gold did my forfeit Liberty restore,
And made those Slaves who were my Foes before;
The cringing guard obsequious did become,
And joyous at the Office, light me home.

Thus I a Round of fancy'd Bliss pursu'd,
And each succeeding Morn my Course renew'd;
As when o'er-power'd the vanquish'd Captains fly,
Neglect the Field, and on their Speed rely,
Squadrons confus'd, and hurried by Despair,
Rushing in Couds, on flying Squadrons bear;
So Vices unenjoy'd assail'd my Breast,
Strove to succeed the Vices I possest,
Their Snares display'd, and for Precedence
(prest :)

'Till

'Till by the Force of an unlook'd-for Fate,
My Love was metamorphos'd into Hate,
And Reason was restor'd to her abandon'd State.]

Long with a Friend I was in Fancy blest,
Pleasure and he were Partners in my Breast;
Our Love almost in Infancy began,
And still encreas'd as we approach'd to Man;
Our erring Souls together did combine,
My heart was wholly his, and his was mine;
The same Desires concurring Thoughts em-
ploy'd,
The same we hated, and the same enjoy'd:
At length this Friend at injur'd Nature's Call,
To Wine and Women did a Victim fall;
Soon as a Beard upon his Chin had sprung,
Soon as his Nerves his well-fix'd Limbs had
(strung,

Relentless Death's inexorable Doom,
In's Prime of Life did unexpected come.

This sudden Shock my staggering Soul surpriz'd,
Conscience alarm'd, my vagrant Heart chas'tis'd ;
To this, sincere Repentance did ensue,
Mourning my Crimes, I fix'd to live anew ;
With Scorn I view'd the Town's discover'd Snare,
And chang'd the *City's* Fogs for *Iris* healthy Air.

Here I substantial Happiness posses',
Nor can the Frowns of Fortune make it less ;
Her Threats I scorn, her Malice can't controul,
Th' unerring Course of my reformed Soul ;
No restless Cares disturb'd my easie Hours,
Nor fancy'd Prospects of Superior Powers ;
With opening Day my Pleasures are begun,
Nor are they ended with the setting Sun.

When

When Sleep, Death's Image, (viewing from afar,
The Morn returning in his Purple Car)
Doth loose my fetter'd Senses from their Chain,
And banish'd Reason doth her Empire gain ;
My grateful Thoughts do towards Heav'n repair,
To thank their Maker for his constant Care ;
And conscious of their Weakness, humbly move,
Th' Almighty Source of Sempeternal Love,
To guide my Footsteps, and direct my Way
Thro' all th' Quicksands of th' ensuing Day ;
That neither Baits without, nor Foes within
May, or betray, or tempt my Soul to sin ;
That no vain Thought or wanton wish may dare
T' employ my Mind, or exercise my Care,
T' approach my Heart, or find Admittance there,
That all my Actions and Desires may prove
The just Result of Gratitude and Love ;
That

That scorning what this flattering World can
 (show,

My Soul transported still may upwards goe,
And with Disdain look down on all its Snares
 (below.)

When first the rising Sun reflects his Ray,
And drives the Mists with gilded Beams away;
My Limbs refresh'd with Sleep and Rest, I raise,
And to the *Author* dedicate my Praise ;
To him my Adorations justly pay,
With Thanks my grateful Body I array
In Cloaths, tho' neat, yet not profusely gay ;
In Cloaths sufficient to withstand the Wet,
And skreen me from the *Dog-Star's* scorching
 (Heat,
In Cloaths not fit to dress a modern *Beau*,
Cloaths rather made for Service than for Show.

When

The R A K E Reform'd. 23

When dress'd, I wander thro' th' adjacent Fields,
Where ev'ry Object still new Pleasures yields ;
On Trees the Birds, Nature's melodious Choir,
In warbling Notes melodiously conspire,
From Branch to Branch, each moves his paint-
ed Wings,
Delights the Groves, and as he flies he Sings :
Here, by their Parents Sides, the neighb'rинг
Lambs
Do sportive play, unmindful of their Dams ;
There lowing Cows, with swelling Udders stand,
And seem t' invite the tardy Milker's Hand ;
Whilst strong neck'd Steers t' accustom'd Yokes
(do bow,
And drag with gentle Pace the crooked Plow :
Here flowing Brooks do o'er the Valley spread,
And with their Streams refresh the thirsty Mead ;

There

There ripen'd Corn its Beauty doth unfold,
And gently waves its bearded Tops of Gold :
The Trees on Hills in distant Prospect please,
Their Branches bending with a Western Breeze,
Whilst on the Moss, beneath their cooling Shade,
The am'rous Clown doth court the listning Maid.
Pleas'd with my Walk, and better'd by the Air,
Return'd, I feed on wholsome rural Fare ;
On what the fruitful Country doth afford,
Nature to chear, and fill the plenteous Board,
When satisfy'd, my grateful Thoughts I raise,
The Almighty Founder of the Feast to praise.

Then, as the Season of the Year invites,
My self I please in innocent Delights ;
Sometimes with well breath'd sanded Hounds I
(chace
On neighb'ring Downs, the flying tim'rous
(Race ;
Or

Or in the Wood the wily Fox pursue,
Who doubling oft, deceives the Beagles View ;
Sometimes in Silver *I's* wanton Tide,
With baited Hooks I rob her of her Pride ;
The credulous Fish leaps at her certain Death,
Nor sees the pointed Snare that lurks beneath.
When Snows congeal'd, in solid Flakes descend,
And rapid Streams their wonted Force suspend ;
When Fields no Grafs, and Woods no Leaves
 do wear,
And Winter's Locks in Isecles appear,
Booted I range, the Woodcock to insnare, }
Or captivate in Toils the Snipe or Hare, }
Or with my Gun, for Birds a distant Death }
 prepare.

When *Western* Clouds in gilded Beams array'd,
Their Beauties show, and Trees prolong their
 (Shade ;

When Ev'ning Blushes do the Sky adorn,
And Bats thro' Groves on footy Wings are born,
Tir'd with my Sport I to my Home repair,
And with my Pleasures lay aside my Care ;
Whilst entertaining Prospects in my Way,
Each Night do new Varieties display :
Here the neat Housewife milks her yielding Cow,
Whilst frothing Streams the scoured Pail o'er-
(flow ;
There constant to his Task the lab'ring Hind
The grateful Ox doth from his Yoke unbind,
And as he Works he Whistles to the Wind.
Return'd exhausted Nature I repair
With solid good substantial Country Fare ;
Then with a secret Pleasure I survey
The various Actions of a welfspent Day ;
My self resign unto my Maker's Care,
Implore his Aid, and for my Rest prepare.

When

When Inclination prompts, and Time conspires
To gratifie my innocent Desires,
I ride or walk, the *Parish-Priest* to see,
A Man from Pride, and from Ambition free;
Him no Temptations can from Duty move,
Whose Contemplation is Celestial Love:
Him no vain Pomp, nor fond Desire of Gain,
From Ministerial Duties can detain ;
No Threats can make him wander from his Path,
Nor Promises prevail to change his Faith ;
For Tythes unpaid his Parish never sues,
Whilst they without Compulsion give their Dues ;
With Care avoids the Jargon of the Schools,
And makes his chief Employ the Cure of Souls ;
For where his Precepts and his Doctrine fail,
His Pattern and his Practice still prevail.

In Moderation we our Spirits clear,
With well-cork'd Bottles of his home-brew'd Beer
In innocent Discourse the Hours we pass,
Whilst something new starts up at ev'ry Glass:
Sometimes we strive *Nature's* transforming Face,
Thro' all her Mazes, and her Shapes to trace;
Whence first the Seeds of Entity began?
How infant Matter ripens into Man?
Whence gentle Breezes? whence loud Storms
(arise?)
Why with such Force in kindled Lightning flies,
And unchain'd Thunder rattles thro' the Skies?
What makes the Sea advance, and then retreat?
And whence the diff'rent Cause of Cold and
(Heat?)
How fleeting Clouds in pearly Drops descend?
And why exhausted Vapours upwards tend?

Why

Why in such changing Shapes the Moon ap-
(pears?

And whence the various Motion of the Spheres?

What shakes the Earth? How Vegetables grow?

How rapid Rivers from their Sources flow?

And whence come Show'rs of Hail, and Flakes
(of Snow?

Sometimes the Battles of *Eugene* enforce
An entertaining Subject for Discourse.

We view the *Hero* with continued Care,

His Squadrons range, and for the Fight pre-
(pare:

Their strong Intrenchments, and *Belgrade* we
(draw,

And Towns, uncertain who shall give them
(Law;

Shew Armies join'd, and paint the bloody Field,

And Princes forc'd unwillingly to yield;

See

See Arms and Men together blended lie,
Whilst Clouds of sulph'rous Smoke obscure the
Sky ;

See hostile Nations warring on the Ground,
While distant Vales the Victor's Shouts resound:
With various Chat the Time we thus deceive,
And at the Night's approach I take my leave.

When Fogs from Ponds, and sedgy Moors
(arise,
Clog the dull Air, and darken clouded Skies,
From Books a nobler Entertainment flows,
Than wild licentious Company bestows.
In Books a real Happiness I find,
Books which at once instruct and please the Mind,
When *Beveridge* his virtuous Thoughts em-
ployes
On holy Objects, and celestial Joys,

And

My ravish'd Soul approaches to the Feast,
 Where Christ himself invites her as a Guest;
 Where she disdaining all Terrestrial Food,
 By Faith receives his Body and his Blood,
 And thus, by mystick Signs, she feeds upon
 Cher God.

Thus I, serene and free from Noise and Strife,
 Enjoy the sweet Retirements of Life;
 For then alone is Bliss compleatly whole,
 When with the *Body* we advance the *Soul*.

F I N I S.



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